

Marxian Club Socialists

Any question concerning Socialism answered. Address all communications to K. S. Hilliard, 436 Horrick Avenue.

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PROFIT SYSTEM.

Slowly but surely the fundamental doctrine of Socialism is permeating the brains of the people and it was a matter of astonishment and pleasure to hear some of the representative men of the Wool Growers' association gravely state that the "profit system was to blame for the evils that exist."

It is barely possible that he would follow his statement to its logical conclusion, but the idea is there and will grow a sprout and ripen and the end take root somewhere. The following speaks for the above. It is taken from Mr. Bearup's speech at the convention.

You shepherds of the United States, you men of peace, it is well that you have met in Ogden, a place well away and high up above the war centers, for there are places where life is counted cheap, where under ground and above it lives are snuffed out by the hundreds at a time and the harvest of death never ceases.

Profit System to Blame.

I am going to make the charge that all these horrible things are chargeable to the profit system, to the things that make it possible for men to get something for nothing, to take from others more than a fair labor exchange.

These things are the direct and indirect ownership of great power machines, called manufacturing machinery, upon which you are all dependent for food, shelter and clothing.

THE WOOL SALE.

"Captains of Industry" Fight for Profits, While the Workers Go Ill-Clad.

There stands the auctioneer in his room, grave, unemotional, calm. Seated on a gallery fronting him are the buyers, each at his own desk. Young men, old men, bearded men, clean-shaven men, thin men, fat men, dark men, fair men; men of nearly every aspect under heaven, but all with the one characteristic in common, eyes that spring wild at the auctioneer with a lightning flash.

There ranged behind them sit the clerks with pens traveling rapidly over paper.

In various parts of the room cards are hanging up, proclaiming the stern injunction "Silence."

What can it mean? "Silence!" Why, the place is a pandemonium! You stand amazed, half-paralyzed, at the hubbub that crashes upon your tympanum.

The buyers are all talking at once. No, not talking—screaming, shrieking, yelling, bellowing, roaring; the veins of their necks swelling out with the terrific agitation of their vocal organs.

And their actions are suited to the sounds. They jump to their feet, they gesticulate wildly, fiercely, madly; arms flung out with imploring or threatening motions towards the imperturbable auctioneer muttering, almost inaudible, so that his words have to be half-guessed by the movement of his lips. "12-14-12-13-14-12-14-14."

Babel was surely a quiet suburban retreat compared with this! Such a hideous din could never have been heard before outside the Plutonian regions. Have these men gone mad all at once?—dancing and howling like demons let loose from their chains.

A sudden silence; so sudden that it hits you like a blow. The mallet has fallen with an all but imperceptible tap, and the stolid auctioneer has passed on to the next lot.

So it goes on through a long catalogue—sirens of fury separated by brief spaces of silence that are merely painful lulls in a series of storms.

You see here what men will become when there is profit to be made. They will get right back to the wild-beast stage, and toss away from them all the humanizing impediments of civilization. They will trample over one another in every way but in actual fact, and in that way too if it were likely to give him the bid, or impress that modern descendant of Thor, who rules this world of theirs with a hammer.

What a history, what an epitome of human life it would be could you follow this wool in its travels and learn its destiny.

You would see it taken to the mills to be woven into raiment. You would see it made into superfine clothes for the rich, for the proud paupers who live upon the labors of other people and count their dependence nobility. You would see it transformed into dainty garments for fashionable women, and warm coats for their pet dogs. And you would see that for millions of half-naked creatures there will be not a shred of this wool to cover their shivering forms.

The bitter cry of the ill-clad poor rises from the cold countries of the earth.

But in the insane noise of shouting at the wool sales, in this maelstrom of mercenary passions, all sounds of humanity are drowned—buried deeper than the river that flows so placidly and heedlessly outside the window.

—Exchange.

"THE PHILOSOPHY OF FAILURE."

About once in every so often someone comes along and administers a few whiffs of oxygen to the "Socialism" is the philosophy of failure" mummy, and sends it out into the arena to do battle with the greatest growing movement in the world today.

"If Yale continually beat Harvard at football," runs a recent recrudescence of the old argument, "and Harvard should apply for a change in the rules of the game as it was played, we should justifiably hold that Harvard's failure to win was the motive of its seeking to change the rules. So in the case of Socialism. With everybody successful, there would be no Socialist movement."

Nothing is truer than that statement as it stands; nothing is more false than the implication attempted to be read into it.

With everybody successful there would be no Socialist movement. Of course! Without any chattel slaves there would have been no Abolition movement. Without any oppression

by King George there would have been no American Revolutionary movement. With everyone enjoying economic independence, good wages, comfortable homes, security for the future and ample leisure for self-improvement—what less than this can be called "success?"—naturally there would be no Socialist movement. But there is just the rub. Our present economic structure, so framed that everybody cannot be successful. For a few to be "successful," a vast number must be kept under. And hence comes the justice and necessity. Again, with a free field and opportunities equal, failure may be a disgrace. But with a field obstructed by entrenched might, and opportunities pre-empted by those in possession, failure becomes not a disgrace, but the inevitable state of all those not on the inside track. Today the vast majority of us come into the world handicapped. Property-less and capital-less, we are also powerless against the hundreds at a time and the harvest of death never ceases.

Further, the simile of the football game is absurdly beside the question. Football is not a matter of compulsion. None need tread the gridiron unless he so elects. He has full and free choice either to play the game as it is, or leave it alone. How is it, though, with the game of the struggle for life? Here one may not take it or leave it, as he pleases. With all its iniquities, with all its injustices whatsoever, it is forced upon him, and he must play. What better fight can there be, then, than his to demand that its rules be framed so as to give him his equal chance?

"Socialism the philosophy of failure?" So is the desire for a drink the "philosophy of thirst," and the desire for a fire the "philosophy of being cold," and as thirst cannot be stillied save by a drink, nor cold dispelled save by a fire, so can the necessity of "failure" for the many in order to afford "success" to the few never be abolished except by Socialism. While its opponents worry its flanks with oaths of "failure," that movement marches on to success.

Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan, has joined the Woman's Shirt Waist union. "How kind of her indeed," Miss Morgan is not under the lash of the capitalist exploiter, therefore, she can derive no benefits from the union.

The working class can take care of itself and needs no help from a charity worker and the daughter of a big capitalist.

Stop the exploitation of human labor power and there will be no need of charity. Charity organizations show that the exploitation of the worker is unbearable and that they are not making a living wage.

Letting Miss Morgan into the Woman's Shirt Waist union shows the pure and simple character of the trades unions, and Miss Morgan is in the Woman's Civic federation, another pet organization of the capitalist to keep the workers in subjection.

Workers of the world do not accept charity from the capitalist class, but take possession of the means by which you make your living, and there will be no need of charity.

The militant workers must educate and organize their fellow workers on a revolutionary basis to do away with capitalism and stop the exploitation of man. HOWARD HALL.

COMRADES ALL.

"Lo, the fight is theirs, not ours," so the selfish say.

"They can bear the heat and burden of the battle day,"

"They can starve, and they can suffer—who would say them nay?"

God forbid that we should speak so. God forbid that we should bend knee to Raah, or knee to Mammon, for some selfish end.

Or turn back upon a brother, or betray a friend.

Theirs the fight? Methinks 'tis ours; ours their loss and gain;

Think! for us and for our children all their battle pain.

Woe, to us, and them, my brothers, if they fight in vain.

Here or there the battle rages, where it matters not.

What affects one Labor squadron must affect the lot.

'Tis the Cause—the Cause that matters, not the fighting spot.

You and I must do our portion; they are in the fight.

In the foreranks and the danger, facing all who smite;

You and I—(I know you, brother)—will not flee the right.

"Lo, the fight is theirs and ours!" this is Labor's cry;

While our comrades need our succor, stand we heedless by?

"No!" ten thousand hearts have spoken; "No!" is their reply.

—Brisbane Worker.

TO OUR TEMPERANCE FRIENDS.

Is it such an uncommon thing for a woman to put aside her sorrow or pain, to attend to her duty that it needs to be heralded abroad? Do you claim that loyalty, the cause of temperance alone, cultivates that virtue? It was only a few weeks ago that a performer in one of the Orpheum skits received a telegram of her mother's death—but she went on with her work just the same, her heart no doubt affected the lot.

Dear mother, instances like this are many in the lives of public workers whether they are lecturers, actors, or vaudeville performers. It cannot be claimed that any one cause produces this heroism. It is the loyalty to duty that is the instigator, whether it be a temperance lecturer or a humble little vaudeville girl. When duty calls and is obeyed, at a sacrifice to the feelings, it is in response to the responsibility that is felt for the work to be done.

READ THE CLASSIFIED PAGE.

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT

CONDUCTED BY W. C. I. U.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

MISS FRIEDA DRESSSEL, MRS. U. WAY.

"One of the principal causes that militates against civic righteousness, health and prosperity, both municipal and national is so-called moderate drinking. The term cannot be used in a scientific or practical sense. There is no law making the use of alcohol as a beverage safe. The fallacy that one may remain a moderate drinker, that he has the situation in his own hands is the comfort of the average moderate drinker and the ruin of many. Habitual drinkers were once moderate drinkers. The habit starts from the first glass. Under no consideration is the habit of moderate use of alcohol safe and the physician who recommends it has advised the first step toward physical, mental and moral degeneracy."

Moderate drinkers are more liable to disease than total abstainers and are regarded as an inferior risk by underwriters for insurance. Their children are subject to nervous diseases, with a special tendency to insanity. The mother who habitually uses alcohol, though in moderation, may give her child an alcoholic tendency or physical defect. Epilepsy, insanity, idiocy, imbecility, degeneracy, weak vitality, and short life mark the track of the hereditary alcoholic degenerate, the starting point in his career being the so-called moderate use of alcohol by a parent who prided himself on never having been drunk. There is only one way in which we can prevent the moderate drinker from becoming an habitual user of strong drink, and that is to

touch not, taste not, handle not the accursed thing; for scientific experiment has proved that the use of alcohol even in moderate quantities, will affect the higher nerve centers and produce permanent tissue changes. Therefore we recommend that the term "moderate use of alcohol" be excluded from our nomenclature, as indefinite, misleading, unsafe, unscientific and impracticable.

Let me refer to the family bottle or private flask kept or carried for emergencies. Probably if there were fewer emergency bottles there would be fewer emergencies. Men who carry a whisky flask have emergencies quite frequently, and the mere sight of the family bottle will sometimes create an emergency.

Let us not tolerate a poison in our homes as a remedial agent or a ciliary necessity, for, happily, we believe the time now is when they are considered non-essential and we know that a man can, if he will, maintain his social position and taste not.

The example of the respectable moderate drinker on the young and inexperienced is far more serious and wide reaching than the exaggerated forms of drunkenness that presents the victim of the liquor habit in all its hideous aspect and deformity; for the moderate drinker presents the habit in the garb of respectability and safety, the set the terrible and degrading effects of alcohol in physical degeneration. He is an example of the fact that the habitual moderate drinker is the predecessor of the immoderate drinker or drunkard."

THE FRED J. KIESEL CO.

GENERAL AGENTS

Have received the subjoined:

To Our Friends and Patrons:

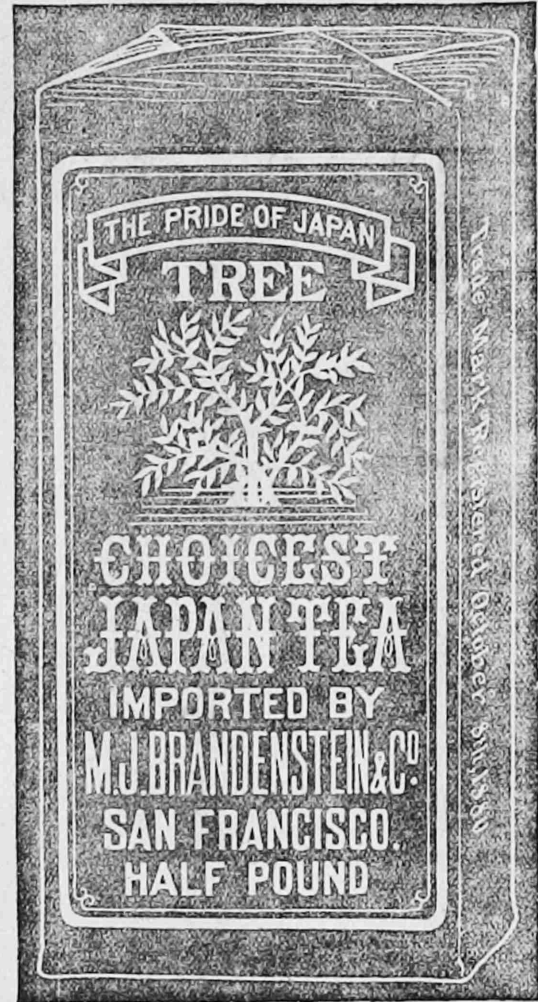
The California Winery doesn't make a practice of tooting its own horn very much and therefore asks your indulgence for sending the following short item of news that came to us a few days ago by telegraph from Seattle, from The Alaska-Yukon Exposition.

"California Winery" awarded gold medals for seven of its wines above all other California competition—Cordova, Sauterne, Claret Zinfandel, Burgundy, Port, Sherry and Angelica. Silver medal for Riesling.

This is indeed good and gratifying news to us and will be welcomed, too, by our many friends and patrons. It is all the more satisfying because we were not aware the wines were being judged, and even at this writing do not know who the judges were. We believe, therefore, that true merit must surely have provoked the awards to "Cordova, the Wine of Quality."

Very truly yours, CALIFORNIA WINERY.

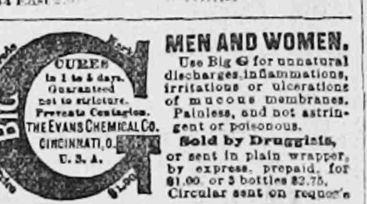
E. M. SHEEHAN, Vice-Pres. and Gen. Mgr.



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"I suppose he would elope with her."—Houston Post.

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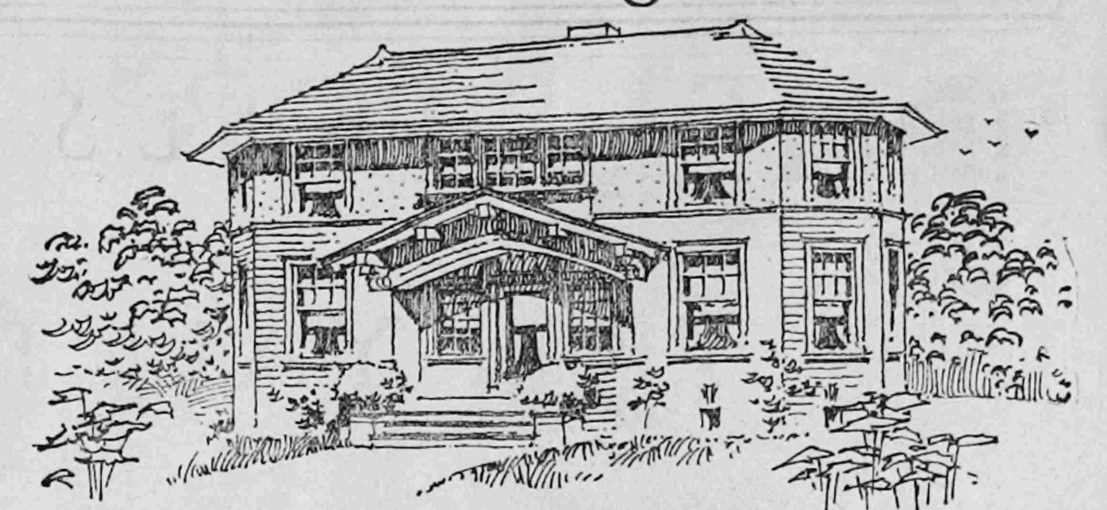
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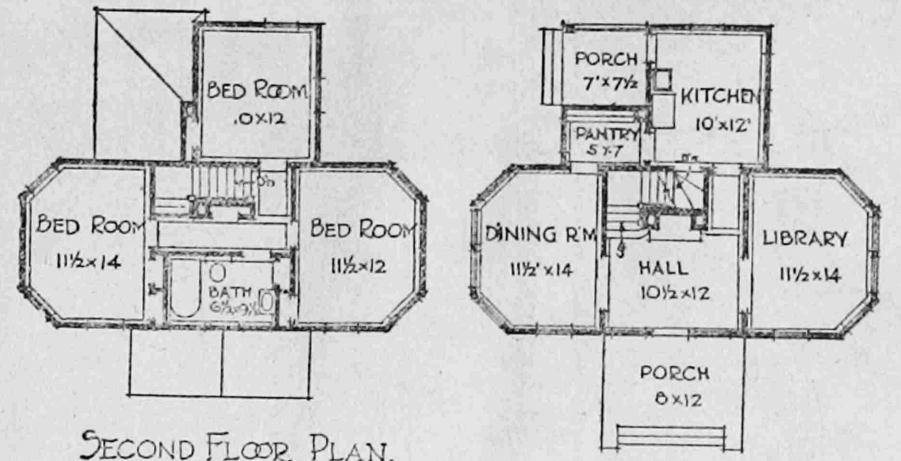
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A Suburban Cottage for \$2,330



-CLYDE S. ADAMS-ARCHITECT-



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

The style of this house will appeal to the prospective home builder as it is a splendid example of a modern cottage at a reasonable cost. It is up-to-date in all appointments and the exterior is of bright appearance and in good taste.

The first floor contains a reception hall, library, dining room, pantry and kitchen, together with spacious porches at front and rear of building. In the reception hall there is an open fire-place.

On the second floor there are three good sized bed rooms, all equipped with ample closets. The hall contains a linen closet. The large well ventilated bath room is a feature of this house, having three large windows, two on side of the house glazed with a beautiful leaded glass that adds to the attractiveness as viewed from the outside.

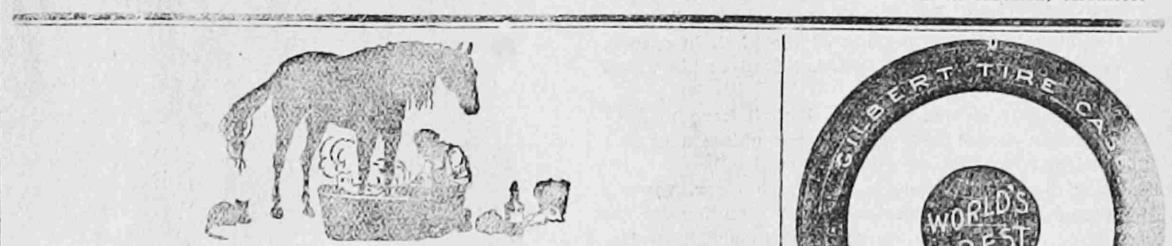
The first story is of shingles stained a dark brown or green, the second floor being rough coated with cement plaster and all exterior wood work should be painted colonial cream. Story heights are: Cellar, 7 feet; first floor, 9 feet; second floor, 8 feet 6 inches.

Below is given the itemized cost of construction:—

Excavating\$110	Lumber400	Hot Air Heating7
Stonework125	Painting and Glazing250	Range40
Carpentry510	Plumbing, etc.175		
Millwork310	Plastering150		
Hardware90	Brickwork100	Total\$2,330

BASIS OF ESTIMATES FOR BUILDING ADAMS' HOUSES.

Excavating—7c to 6c per cubic yard.	Windows—\$2.00 to \$2.50 per thousand feet.	Electric wiring—\$50.00 to \$100.00.
Stone—\$2.00 to \$2.50 per cubic yard.	Window and door trim—50c per foot.	Wall papering and lighting fixtures are
Brick—\$2.00 per thousand.	Porches—Cost from \$3.00 to \$4.00 per	seldom included, as this is generally
Just studding and heavy framing	run of foot.	done by the owner at the completion of
timber—\$10.00 per thousand feet.	Hardware—\$25.00 to \$125.00, according	the building, and at his leisure.
Flooring—\$2.00 per thousand feet.	to design.	
Sheathing—\$1.00 per thousand feet.	Painting and glazing for an ordinary	
White pine weather boarding—\$2.00	6-room house—\$75.00 to \$100.00.	
per thousand feet.	Hot air heating—\$100.00 to \$125.00.	
Plastering, two coat work—5c per	Hot water heating—\$200.00 to \$225.00.	
square yard.	Tin work—\$1.00 to \$1.50 per square foot.	
Shingles—\$5.00 to \$10.00 per thousand.	Rain water conductor—15c per foot.	
Bricklayers' wages—5c to 6c per hour.	Water closets, low down tank—\$12.50	
Carpenters' wages—5c to 45c per	each.	
hour.	Wash basin, enameled iron—\$10.00.	
Laborers' wages—\$1.50 to \$1.75 per day.	Bath tub, enameled iron—\$20.00.	
Stone masons—\$2.00 to \$3.00 per day.	Kitchen sink, enameled iron—\$5.00.	
Interior doors, run about—\$2.00 each.	Range—\$40.00 to \$60.00.	
Front doors with beveled plate glass	Cement work—10c per square foot.	
tops—\$15.00 each.	Gas and Plumber's piping of an ordi-	
Windows complete—\$7.00 each.	nary 6-room house—\$20.00 to \$25.00.	



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